February

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February

by KiribakuBabe

Summary

He was so ashamed of himself, of his body. Angry tears filled with embarrassment started to roll down his cheeks when he felt the obscene way his pants stuck to his butt and thighs as he moved. To his horror, he must have said some of this aloud because a few seconds later Hannibal began to speak while he did his belt buckle.

"Don't ever be ashamed of yourself or your body, Will. What your body is doing is a beautiful thing. A natural cycle of life." He said in a firm tone.

Will felt a sob clawing at his throat so he clenched his jaw closed and held his breath to prevent it. He nodded, not knowing what else to do. Hannibal had no idea that he dealt with this three times a year. They'd never talked about anything heat related during their sessions, not yet anyways.

OR: Will goes into heat early because of Hannibal and he doesn't want to ask him to help him through it but nature calls. & I just really wanted to write an ABO-verse fic because the song Love Crime (the death song we should all know by now) seemed so sensual for them to play in the last episode in a scene between two men.

Notes

NOTICE:
A Heart Mate is the mate who is, in a way meant to be with you. Not quite a soulmate because they aren't destined to be with one another necessarily. But the after they meet, they just know that they don't want anyone else. It isn't something that is rushed either. When one person meets their Heart Mate, they know that they want no one else, but it may not be the same or the other person. In short, it could be one sided for a very long time before the other person finally gets an understanding of their feelings. Sometimes, Heart Mates don't ever let their feelings in and therefore live unfulfilled lives and hurt themselves by not allowing themselves to be together. So maybe, it is closer to a soulmate, but not being quite the same thing.

See the end of the work for more notes

Rushing Through My Veins

Oh, the skies, tumbling from your eyes.

So sublime, the chase to end all time.

Seasons call and fall, from grace and uniform.

Anatomical, metaphysical.

Oh, the dye, is cast inside my mind.

Oh, the dye a blood red setting sun.

*** * ***

It was February. Everywhere, people were preparing for their heats. Omegas were finding heat partners—if they weren't already mated—for the upcoming week. The only sad part about that was that the omega to alpha ratio was 1:2. The betas were the main group of peoples, seeing as their bodies could change to accommodate their mates needs. Meaning that if a male beta's mate was an omega, then their body would go through a day long fever and they'd pop a knot during sex. It was the same if their mate was an alpha.

A day long fever later and they'd self lubricate, otherwise they were normal males and didn't have either. Their bodies wouldn't lubricate or knot if they were with another beta. Female betas who chose omegas as mates were frowned upon because female betas didn't have a phallus. Therefore they couldn't satisfy their mates in the ways they needed. Of course there were toys, but compared to a real knot, it was like a cheap knockoff. It got the job done though. Most betas procreated with other betas, just to avoid all the confusion, heartbreak, and to avoid the heats and ruts.

That's where this story unravels, unfortunately.

Again, it was February, and that being said, there was the scent of oncoming heats in the air *everywhere*. Children on the streets crinkled their noses at the offensively strong smells and hormonal teenagers hung all over each other. Left and right young adults were presenting. Mothers and fathers celebrated in joy as their youth presented to the expected gender while others cried and feared the ones their youth had been given.

The mated couples were lucky because they wouldn't go into heat until their alphas went into rut. Will however, had presented as an omega and was disowned by his mother for that exact reason. She wanted an alpha, or even a beta son just like her whole family had been before her. His father was dead. His mother never told him what had killed him, but he suspected that she was the one to do it. Regardless of what Jack said about that being untrue.

"So, have you found anyone to… help you through next week yet, Will?" Jack asked from his seat at his desk.

Will could tell that he was trying to ignore the smell of growing pheromones in the room, but he also knew that the smell wouldn't go away. For the past eleven years Will had struggled with his heats. It was something every omega had to go through, but it was worse for him. Most omegas had annual heats, usually in the fall or the spring, but Will… Oh Will, he was one of *those* omegas. His body broke the rules and forced him to endure heats once every four months. It wore him out, made it hard to do things and maintain a steady job. Thanks to Jack Crawford, he was given a second chance to do everything that his doctors told him he couldn't. However, when they told him that his heats wouldn't stop until he was mated and claimed, he believed them wholly.

"No, and I don't suppose I will. Social anxiety you know. I mean, I'm not fertile either. Who would want a broken omega? I don't even smell good. I smell like," Will paused to sniff himself. "Like a body that is readying itself for something it can't even give." He finished with a creased forehead.

Jack frowned at that and gave a small *tsk.*

"That is bull. I as an alpha, and a friend can tell you that you do not smell bad. You smell… good actually." Jack said in genuine surprise.

Most omegas who were infertile had an airy, paper thin, necrotic scent to them. Mainly because the part of them that is supposed to be able to give life, can't. That part of them doesn't work. Will's got all the proper plumbing inside, its just that none of it works properly. He had heard of some omegas that appeared to be infertile and even smelled like one, who ended up being very fertile. The situation with those type of omegas was that their organs were, dormant so to speak, until their *heart mate* came along. But most of those dormant omegas were female, only a small pinch had been male.

"Thanks Jack. But what is that supposed to do to help me as opposed to needing someone to… to take care of me for a whole week? There isn't anyone… At least, no one I trust and I refuse to even think about Hannibal. He's… He's my psychiatrist, not my fuck buddy." Will said sharply, catching the wince that Jack gave at the last bit.

"I think you should at least think about it, Will. He's an alpha, a shockingly strong one at that, and you and him get on so well-" At that, Will's eyebrows drew together and he started to interrupt Jack about how if that was some form of joke he'd resign.

"That's not what I meant, Will. What I meant is that you understand him, and he seems to understand you. He has very good manners and seems to care about your well being." Jack tried to bargain.

"It's not happening. Unless I happen to be around him at all this upcoming week, then I don't plan on spending my heat with anyone but me, myself, and I." Will said with an air of finality.

Jack shook his head as he stared at his colleague.

"One of these days you're going to run into an alpha and get forced into your heat. Then you'll have to face your fear of conversing with people." He sighed before waving the

younger man out of his office.

“Off you go then. Enjoy the weekend. And the next week I guess, since it's that time again.” Jack said loudly as Will headed out of the room.

“Yeah, you enjoy being stuck here without me.” Will muttered, knowing full well that the alpha could hear him.

He had barely made it to the doors when he heard the familiar voice of Alana. She was an alpha with very particular tastes in partners. She liked other alphas. Will had had feelings for her since he first came to the bureau and he knew that even if her tastes were mainly alphas, that she had some for him as well. He’d seen the ways she'd looked and smelled him just before his heats.

“Did you just smell me?”

“Difficult to avoid.”

Will blinked that memory away before greeting the alpha. “Hey Alana. Going to be busy this next week?” He joked, knowing that she wasn't going to be busy at all, unless she found an alpha to mess around with.

“No, I just wanted to make sure that you were still going to go talk to Hannibal tomorrow, like usual. He’s looking forward to it.” She smiled wickedly. Will pulled up short as he caught a whiff of her excitement.

“Did Jack tell you to ask me that?” Will accused.

“Actually, I didn’t ask you anything, but yes, he did.” She said with a slightly embarrassed gleam in her eyes. She was definitely an alpha, regardless of her small bout of anxiousness right now.

Will gave a mock laugh as he continued out the doors of the BAU. “Yes, I don’t start my heat until this upcoming Monday. I’ve got two days till then.” He assured.

“Will, you should still be careful. Hannibal is an alpha, he could trigger your heat and cause it to come along a lot sooner than you expect it to. Jack is just worried for you. We both are.” She finally stopped glowing and now showed actual concern.

Will stopped walking and looked back at her. She really was beautiful. That was almost the wrong word to use for someone like her. She was more than that. He wished that he could spend his heat with her, she’d be able to satisfy all of his needs. Every single one, even the ones he was ashamed to have. Like wanting someone to fill the growing emptiness in his navel that was slowly creeping up his spine.

“Yeah, well I doubt if that will happen. But I’ll keep it in mind.” Will told her in a sarcastic tone. Alana shook her head with a smile as if knowing that Will was enjoying teasing everyone. The flirtation between the alpha and omega was truly a beautiful thing, but said *thing* wouldn’t be happening anytime soon.

“Well, I’m gonna get going. I should get home and get the dogs ready for next week….” Will trailed off as he caught the smallest hint of arousal from Alana. It was his fault, this he knew because he could smell his impending heat on himself.

Alana started, nodding in agreement with a small smile before turning to go back into the building. Alpha females had dicks, just as the males did. How else could they satisfy an omega? Will often found himself wondering what it would feel like to be fucked by an alpha. He was no virgin by any means, but he didn’t want to sleep with an alpha unless he knew them. Knotting was something very, *meaningful* to him. Almost sacred in his eyes.

He’d heard tales where a fellow omega had been nearly torn in half because they didn’t trust the alpha they were with enough and stayed tensed up the whole time. What is worse is they said that they would have stopped it, but their natures made it hard to resist the dominating demeanor of the alpha in *“Sex Mode.”*

Will didn’t want to feel like he couldn’t stop someone from fucking him. He wanted to have a clear head—or as clear as he could have—when he let an alpha knot him. Hannibal Lecter was not on the top of his list, even if his inner animal was attracted to the thick, Scandinavian accent and his oddly charming cheekbones. Plus he was very fit and well built for his age. Then there was his hair. Will loved it when his hair slipped out of its naturally slicked back look and fell over his brow. Seeing Hannibal getting worked up was a pretty good sight to look at. Will wondered if he’d look like that during sex.. Just take the shirt off and add some sweat… maybe some blush…

‘What the hell…?’ Will thought to himself as a blush of his own heated his cheeks and started crawling down, towards his chest.

He made it to his car and started wondering if he should get takeout before heading home or just order a pizza. *Or,* he could just make food for himself since he’s a grown ass man and shouldn’t have to order take out three times a week. He’s an omega, sure. But that didn’t mean that he had to be the one to cook meals and do the cleaning. Will was someone who deserved to be treated like a damn king.

‘Hannibal would treat me like a king….’ Will’s eyes widened as he realized where his thoughts had just dared go. He growled at himself as he turned the key in the ignition and peeled out of the lot.

*** * ***

Will ended up going to the grocery store instead, deciding that he should get some dog food as well as some high protein foods for the upcoming week. He wheeled his cart over to the dog food, grabbing some expensive Blue Buffalo food. He got paid well at the BAU, he could afford it.

He walked around the store a little while, throwing things ranging from wheat thins to Chunky’s Beef & Vegetable soup into his cart. By the time he got over to the fresh produce, his cart was nearly full. He was by the fish when his nose picked up a familiar scent that had his heart beating faster within seconds.

Alphas and omegas both had a stronger sense of smell compared to betas, but the nose of an omega nearing heat was no match for an alpha. Will could smell Hannibal from a mile away and was shocked that he hadn't noticed it earlier. Alphas had heightened sense of smell so that they could scent danger and protect their omegas or betas. Whereas omegas had it for the sake of being able to escape from an unwanted alpha if necessary. It went back to primal times, when alphas reigned wild and dangerous, when they claimed any omega in sight. The savage instinct to mate and claim was what brought the alphas to their near annihilation. No one had to worry about being forced into anything anymore now that they weren't savages. But here were still crazy alphas here and there every once in a great while that tried to mate non-consenting omegas. It was part of Will's job to lock those psychos up.

Will looked up from the fish counter and glanced around, almost immediately finding Hannibal's coffee coloured eyes staring back at him. He was at the meat counter and seemed to have just walked into the store—either that or he didn't smell Will over the strong scent of the raw meat until now. Will felt his heart clench when a smile of greeting spread on the alpha's face. He couldn't deny that Hannibal looked great in casual clothes, which he wore now. It was a rare sight to see the psychiatrist in dark jeans and a sweater. It was as dressed down as Will had ever seen the other man.

Will was so caught up that he didn't even notice that Hannibal had gotten his meat and was now approaching him.

"Hello, Will. Interesting that we should both be here at the same time, don't you think?" Hannibal asked with a smile that reached his eyes. Will however was frozen solid.

His heart was thudding in his chest and suddenly felt overly warm. What was it Alana said?

"Hannibal is an alpha, he could trigger your heat and cause it to come along a lot sooner than you expect it to."

The omega felt himself grow small under the shadow of the alpha. His body started to itch as pulses of heat flashed through him with each pump of his heart. He plastered a smile on his face and attempted to answer, but nothing came out. It was as if Hannibal's scent was a thick fog that was trying to choke him. He wasn't going to lie and say that Hannibal didn't smell wonderful or that he hadn't noticed before, because he had. It was all just catching up to him now.

Cilantro, flour, pepper, chicken, and something more dark and alluring that didn't have a name except maybe, *Hannibal.* The omega whimpered against his will and it made Hannibal's already slightly concerned face furrow in more.

"Will? Are you alright?" He asked in that thick accent that went straight to Will's groin. Not just the front, no, the whole groin area.

"I'm fine its just, ah-!" Will yelped as his legs gave out for a split second and he was forced to grab his cart for support. A hand came to steady him at the waist and another at his shoulder.

“Will, are you okay? Do you need help? Getting checked out and to your car, I mean?” Hannibal asked in a voice so full of concern it made pain nip at the tips of Will’s heart.

“I,” Will stopped himself from saying yes because he was fine. The heat was starting to ebb away. His body must have just been in shock from being near an alpha who it knew or maybe because it considered Hannibal a potential mate *for* that reason.

“I’m fine now, I think.” He said slowly like it was the first time he’d spoke english.

Hannibal release his shoulder, but kept a wary hand on his waist just in case.

‘In case what, Will?’ The omega asked himself before nearly face palming. He really needed to stop thinking these things.

“Will, do you need-“ Hannibal stopped suddenly, his face going slack with what looked like wonder.

Will’s eyes cast over the alpha’s face as he looked for an explanation to Hannibal’s dramatic change in expression. Then, like a bomb being dropped, he felt it. He felt his cheeks flush red as though he'd been burned at the easy, wet give between his buttocks. His eyes widened and he quickly glanced around, seeing how a few betas were already staring at him. Will’s body instinctively pressed into the hand that was still at his waist. Then, after seemingly remembering it was there, he jerked away from it. He felt like the world was betraying him. How could this be happening? And *now* of all times. In a very *public* place with a very *busy* schedule.

Will’s eyes stung as embarrassment started to creep into his skin. Or maybe it was the simmering heat under the surface. He looked up at Hannibal and his face contorted. the alpha looked pleasantly surprised. He took a small inhale through his nose and let his eyes close when he breathed back out. He looked like he was trying to concentrate. Will worried that the alpha was going to take him home and fuck him right then and there.

“Will, I think it'd be best to get you home. I’ll call Alana to bring your car home. I don’t think its safe that you drive right now. Seeing as your heat appears to be starting.” Hannibal said in a measured voice that didn’t give anything away as to how he was coping with the sweet, buttery smell that was slowly seeping into the room.

Will Nodded and felt his body burn when Hannibal went up to a worker by the entrance of the produce section and asked them to watch their carts. Then Hannibal was coming back and Will knew what was going to happen. He didn’t want to touch him because he knew that it would make his situation worse but he didn’t want to risk falling on his face either.

“Will, I know that this is hard for you, but unless you want me to resort to carrying you, I need you to put your arm over my shoulder. Please.” The alpha asked in that same, measured voice.

The omega swallowed heavily and followed his instructions. It was just for a couple minutes right? That didn’t seem to matter because the minute Will’s skin touched Hannibal’s, the heat that had subdued itself came back tenfold. He whimpered as his body started to react to the

alpha who now helped him stand. He could make out a small spike of pride from Hannibal and the barest hint of arousal.

Will pressed his face into the crook of the older man’s neck as they started towards the exit.

Burning Up My Skin

Chapter Summary

> And those words, those words made Will realize something just before he was swept away in the undertows of sleep; that he, he did want to say those words to Hannibal.
>
> Because he *wanted.*

Chapter Notes

> YAY ANOTHER GLORIOUS CHAPTER! I really need to update my other fanfics before the readers kill me, but this story is lit, so.... heehee.....ENJOY!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It seemed to take years to get to the car when in reality it was probably only minutes. Will was starting to sweat by this point and there was a deep ache in his navel that was growing with each second. It felt like there were hands inside of him that were pressing out on his lower back and belly. He groaned when Hannibal got the door open and helped him get sat down. Will finally got a better look at him now: his eyes were dark and his hair now fell in a half curtain over his brow.

He was so ashamed of himself, of his body. Angry tears filled with embarrassment started to roll down his cheeks when he felt the obscene way his pants stuck to his butt and thighs as he moved. To his horror, he must have said some of this aloud because a few seconds later Hannibal began to speak while he did his belt buckle.

“Don’t ever be ashamed of yourself or your body, Will. What your body is doing is a *beautiful* thing. A natural cycle of life.” He said in a firm tone.

Will felt a sob clawing at his throat so he clenched his jaw closed and held his breath to prevent it. He nodded, not knowing what else to do. Hannibal had no idea that he dealt with this three times a year. They’d never talked about anything heat related during their sessions, not yet anyways.

“I need you to breathe. Will? Breathe, breathe with me, Will.” Hannibal took the omega by the face and forced him to look him in the eyes.

Will didn’t want to breathe, he knew if he did he’d start sobbing. He couldn’t do this anymore. All these heats, they made him so tired all the time. He barely had time to fully

recover between them. They always hurt too. His body would cramp up till he was screaming and sweating in a mess on his bed. The dogs would all be howling for him from outside in the garage because they were worried about him. Especially Winston.

“Will, breathe!” Hannibal’s voice broke through his thoughts like a knife. It was the first time Will had ever heard the man raise his voice and it shocked him a little bit.

He opened his airways and hated himself for the sound that came out. It was a long, breaking sob that shook him to his core. His eyes were blurring and he wanted the pain to stop, but unless Hannibal left, it wouldn’t. Will blinked the tears away from his eyes and searched for those chocolate eyes. When he found them, he saw concern and pain reflected in them. He watched as Hannibal straightened up and glanced between the store and the omega.

“Will,” He said with a pained expression that said he was trying to decide between staying and going back to get the groceries. “I’ll be right back. I promise you.” He reassured when Will’s hand shot out of it’s own accord and grabbed his sweater sleeve.

“Hurry.” Will said, already feeling the abandonment.

Hannibal nodded and shut the door as he left, jogging back into the store. He would be such a good alpha, a good, healthy dad…

‘Woah, Will. Just because he is fit and attractive, doesn’t mean you're allowed to just think this shit. You're infertile for Pete’s sake.’ Will shook his sweaty head. Some of the heat started to fade, good. Since his heat was just starting, he’d have a few waves of it before it really started. He thanked the gods for the moment of peace.

The omega part of him was crying out for the alpha to come back. The other part was telling himself to stop thinking like that. That thoughts like that weren’t right. His mother always said that he was *“nothing but a whore now”*, since he presented as an omega. For so long he believed it, part of him always would. Which was why he promised himself that he wouldn’t knot anyone unless he trusted them completely. He said in his head that the only person he’d ever let knot him would be his heart mate, but the luck of finding them, or *realizing* them was 1:1,000,000.

He knew how heart mates worked, about how you didn’t immediately know that they were your mate. He remembered learning in school how they could already know you, but you might not even notice till later. The way he saw it was, you were meant for one another, but only on your own terms and your own time. Will didn’t believe that the universe made it a destiny sort of thing, but more of a *hey, that person over there would be the one for you if you got to know them* sort of thing.

Will leaned forward—feeling slick ooze out of him to his disturbance—and turned on the radio, switching around from station to station to try and get his mind off of the burning. He skipped over a channel but was quick to go back to it when he heard what it was saying.

‘How ironic.’ He thought when he realized it was a speaker talking about heart mates.

— Your heart mate is a person who will understand you. They may not agree with everything you do, but your hearts will never seek another after they know one another. There are many who claim to have found theirs, but haven't really found them. You will know when you find them. You will realize that they have been there all along and that you love them without really even knowing you did. It does surprise some people to come to realize that their mate has been there the whole time. A real shocker for most people is when an infertile find their heart mate and their bodies, awaken *after being dormant for so long.*

— You mean when they can finally conceive a child?

— Yes thats exactly what I mean.

— It's almost unbelievable to think that an infertile omega's body can come to and suddenly-

Will shut the radio off in annoyance at the way the conversation was going. It was bullshit. He remembered a time where he'd wanted to have a heart mate, however now he was almost against the idea of it. He didn't even believe in heart mates, not entirely anyways.

He jumped when the door to the back seats opened. Hannibal had come back. The wind from outside filled the car, aerating it of the heat smell and filling it with alpha instead. Will swore he was going to die.

"Are you okay, Will?" Hannibal asked while shoving bags into the back seat by the handfuls.

"Yeah, for now. T-The first pre-wave is over." He managed as he felt another coming on.

"Pre-wave? What do you-"

"I mean that my body is literally preparing itself for my heat! Like a woman in labor, her body goes through contractions to open the cervix before the birth itself. It's e-exactly the same principal with my body. I-It's getting ready for it." Will gasped.

Hannibal's heartbeat sped up, whether from the smell of Will or because of something else entirely—the omega didn't know.

"Well, I better get you home then." Hannibal said as calm and collectedly as he could. The alpha quickly went around to his side of the car and clamored in, starting the vehicle and speeding out of the lot.

They almost got pulled over twice, but thanks to Hannibal's quick reflexes, they managed to just slip by. Will was panting again and every time he moved, slick put a fresh coat over his backside. He clawed at the window, trying to get some fresh air even though the AC was on. He could smell Hannibal's arousal, it made his body react more.

"Mmmrrah." Will moaned when he heard the alpha speaking.

"Hello, Alana. Yes, Will is with me. Are you there now? Good, good. I think we will have to move our plans back a little. I don't think I'll be home till later. Yes… Goodbye, Alana." Hannibal hung up when he noticed that Will had turned to look at him.

The omega couldn't help but wonder what *plans* they had made. He also couldn't help himself from frowning in jealousy that Hannibal might be sleeping with his best friend. Or was he angry that his best friend was sleeping with Hannibal?

'The hell, Will. You don't even know if she is sleeping with him.' Will scolded himself.

His stomach clenched and a small sound left him in a choked off cry. Will's eyes closed in instinct to withstand the throbbing pain. It felt like someone was trying to break out of his skull while jerking him off. His hands moved over to clasp at Hannibal's hand that might as well have been apart of the council with how tight it was clenching it. He could feel Hannibal looking at him, could imagine the shock he'd find on his face if he just opened his eyes. Except if Will opened his eyes he'd see how dark and alive Hannibal's eyes had become; would see that there was an undeniable hunger in those eyes.

Will was so drunk on the endorphins pumping in his arteries right now that he didn't even feel when Hannibal squeezed his hand. The alpha felt the need to protect and care for the omega in his car. He'd felt this before so it wasn't new but what was new to him was the fact that for him, Will was the one. He knew it the moment he first heard the omega open his beautiful mouth. He had fallen so deeply and so easily for the man in the seat next to him.

Will's scent was driving him insane. He could almost hear the slick coming out of his body and that fact only fed his urge to clean him, *with his tongue*. Hannibal turned his eyes back to the road. They were nearly to Will's now. The alpha tensed when he felt the omega nuzzle at their joined hands. He suppressed a growl when he felt open kisses and nips at his knuckles.

"Hann, Hanni." Will mumbled in a pleading voice.

Omegas weren't supposed to get foggy brain, that isn't how heats worked. If anything, a heat amplified all of their senses and made them more aware. But Will, he appeared to be inebriated. Hannibal looked down at the younger man and regretted it, because the curly haired omega was staring back at him like he was the universe or something close to it. Heat rushed to his groin—more so than before—to which a frustrated growl escaped his throat. He heard Will whine back.

'So he isn't entirely drunk on his hormones.' Hannibal thought shamelessly.

A blush creeped up the older man's face when he caught sight of Will thrusting his hips minutely in the seat next to him. It was obvious the omega needed some sort of friction but couldn't find any. Thank whoever that they were finally pulling into Will's drive. Now was the time for mind making. Should Hannibal leave? Or should he stay and help Will. He couldn't possibly imagine how hard it must be to do anything besides writhe on a bed and rest in between *waves,* as Will had called them.

He put the car in park and then hopped out of the car with wavering grace. He could hear Will gasping when he shut the door. He took the porch steps three at a time before reaching the door. Thankfully it wasn't locked, if it had been… Hannibal didn't know what he'd have done. He ran back to the car and flung open the passenger door, scrabbling to keep Will from falling out on the ground. The earth was still hard with the fading winter. Solid, partially melted snow crunched under his feet as he carried the omega inside. Hannibal could feel slick

run over his hand that was busy supporting Will by the thighs while the other held him up by the shoulders.

“It-It’s getting bad.” Will loaned into Hannibal’s shoulder.

The man didn’t say anything back, just hurried them both inside a little faster. The dogs all started whining when he walked in with a sweating, leaking Will in his arms. Hannibal growled when they came to smell and lick the omega. His alpha instincts were pushing through his cool facade. Winston—the newest member of Will’s family—growled right back as if daring Hannibal to try something with him.

“Quite an attitude you have, Winston.” Hannibal spoke with a small smirk. Winston huffed through his nostrils as the alpha took Will down the hall to his room.

“Well, I’m afraid that I won’t be leaving anytime soon-“

“What? N-No, Hannibal you can’t stay t-though. You're an a-a-alpha and I’m an omega. It-Its not a very good idea.” Will whimpered. His eyes said something very different, but his voice had sounded like he was trying to prove a point. All Hannibal had done was lay him down on the mattress but the smell of slick hit him like a wall.

He stopped himself from inhaling the sweet scent because he knew exactly what was at risk here. However, if he was being honest with himself, he probably wouldn’t be able to restrain himself for very long if—*when*—Will ended up begging him to fuck him. Out of respect he would fight himself not to do it, but a heart mate could only say no so many times before giving in.

“Will, you can barely function normally right now. And you told me this was only beginning. How do you even expect to feed yourself when you’re in full blown heat, might I ask?” The alpha asked as calmly as he could. Not one word had been a lie, but it sure as hell didn’t entirely hold innocent motives.

Not that Hannibal would take advantage of Will, no. He would never do that. He would wait till he got a conscious, true answer. Will shook with the cramps slowly pulling his muscles taut in hard knots. No pun intended. His curly hair was starting to stick to his forehead and Hannibal so desperately wanted to push the soft locks away. He wanted to kiss the pain away, hold Will’s face in his hands as he fucked into him slowly. Hannibal wanted to hold Will’s throat in his fingers so he could feel his pulse, so he could feel the way his body reacted to his knot. He also knew that he didn’t want to confuse Will. He didn’t want to walk over any boundaries that the omega might have without getting permission first.

Hannibal began to question himself as to whether he *should* stay or not now that he thought of all the possible outcomes that Will’s predicament could have. Then Will interrupted his thoughts again.

“You’re right… Hannibal, I..” Will paused to swallow. Hannibal knew from experience with past omegas that his saliva was starting to thicken. The alpha knew that his body was kicking into high gear now and that it wasn’t helping that *he* was there.

“But you have to promise me that you will deny me if I… if I start saying things, or asking… for *things*... Things that I shouldn’t be asking for. Omegas don’t h-have foggy brains, but they can go crazy with the need to get the pain to stop.” Will finished with a small loll of his head. He was getting tired now.

‘The calm before the storm begins.’ Hannibal thought to himself.

“Hannibal, **promise** me. Please.” The omega begged in a scared voice that cracked on the end note.

It wasn’t that Hannibal couldn’t keep the promise, it was just going to be a new test to him. It excited him more than it probably should have but challenges were always fun. Plus, Will was pleading—begging—for him to promise him.

“I will try my best, William.”

The use of Will’s full first name made the younger man choke on a moan as his beautiful blue, central heterochromia eyes half lidded before closing entirely. His chest rose and fell in shaking heaves.

“Rest. When you wake again, I shall feed you and then retire to the guest room upstairs to find sleep, myself.” Hannibal whispered to the body in the room. He watched till he saw Will’s chest movements slow, signaling sleep had come at last.

* * *

A deer. It’s the first thing that processed in Will’s mind. Maybe not a deer exactly, but… an elk is a deer, isn’t it?

There was something very off about this elk though. It was massive. If it stood in a hallway, it’s antlers would surly cut and drag across the ceiling. It also appeared to be very dark… Black. Will felt a deep shudder roll through his muscles as it turned to look at him.

It’s eyes were very unsettling. That was the next thing that processed. It wasn’t even the fact that they were red. No, it was the emotion in them that made them unnerving. Another factor to the weirdness of this particular elk was that, on it’s curves and sharp joints of it’s body, it had what looked like… feathers.

Feathers. On and elk..

“Hello?” Will called, expecting it to move and acknowledge him in some way, shape, or form but it just averted it’s gaze and started to walk away. As if it hadn’t even noticed.

Will felt himself float after it. The beastly animal stopped after reaching the end of the road—that Will just now noticed they were on. The ravenstag turned it’s head to look at Will once again, but this time, it turned it’s whole body. Will felt a small streak of fear tingle at the soles of his feet as it bowed its head and took two large steps toward him.

It opened its mouth and out of it came a voice the omega knew all too well. A voice he was willing to trust and someday, possibly even…. love.

“Will.”

“—Will.”

Will jerked awake with a small inhalation of cool air. He rolled towards the voice calling out to him, feeling cool air wash over him as he did so. The window had been opened a small bit.

“Will, please wake up. I’ve made you some *Avgolemono*. A chicken soup with rice. With its classic sauce of chicken broth, egg yolk, and lemon juice, the rice and shredded chicken turns it into a satisfying soup.” Hannibal said without an ounce of actual care because he was more focused on Will. The omega had been staring at the soup with eyes full of hunger.

“Always have to say whats in it, Hannibal.” Will smirked as best he could. His body seemed to be taking a break from heating itself to the point of pain long enough to let him joke around.

“I just want you to feel like you’re still normal, Will. I’ve gathered the information that you don't particularly, *enjoy,* your heats.” Hannibal stated with an air of confusion. “Why is that, Will? You could have any alpha stay with you, and they would do so convictively.”

Will’s face turned into a frown and his body ached in response. He really just wanted to eat so he could go back to sleep, but of *fucking* course that wasn’t going to happen. He’s talking to Hannibal after all. An alpha with nothing but long descriptions to tell, as if he had all the time in the world. Maybe he did.

“Sorry but a, well, it’s the heat. Which I have three times a year mind you.” Will said to finally get it out there. His head snapped up when he heard a spoon clatter to the floor.

Hannibal’s expression had broken it’s normal, porcelain exterior and now showed a shocked, pained, and almost humbled look.

“I’m sorry, Will. I did not know.” The alpha said while gathering the pieces of his mask and gluing them back on.

“It’s all right. I shouldn’t have been so crass.” Will said truthfully because he really did need to get ahold of his attitude, especially since Hannibal was only trying to help.

“I will go get another spoon-“ Hannibal started to say but yet again, Will’s body betrayed him with a hand clamping down over the alpha’s arm.

“I-I can sip it, just don’t leave. Please.” Will plead—not at all in control of his voice.

Hannibal stood there, looking impassive as always, but he sat on the edge of the bed anyways. With the bowl in his hand he helped Will drink the thick broth. On the inside, Will was infuriated at himself for practically begging him to stay. On the outside, his body was humming with pleasure that an alpha was doing it’s duty by taking care of him.

‘You should let yourself have this, Will. You’d not regret it. Hannibal would be perfect for you and you know it.’ A part, the omega part of Will’s mind whispered in the back of his mind.

He knew it was true to some extent, but it was Hannibal. He didn't even know what he thought half the time, let alone what he felt. And that was one thing that ruled above all else to Will — besides the knotting. Communication in a relationship was key and he was scared that Hannibal wouldn't give that to him. Here he was, thinking about how communication was the key and yet he wasn't even going to ask Hannibal what or how he'd act in a relationship. The soup was really good, so he forced himself to forget about everything else and focus on the food instead.

* * *

"Oh, Will." Hannibal said to him after he'd finished eating and was trying to find sleep again.

By the sound of it, Hannibal thought he was already out. There was a washcloth rubbing over his forehead and then it was gone. A hand replaced the cloth and it was… soft… It was, soothing… Will felt the drowsiness that Hannibal thought had already taken over, finally pull at his mind. A thumb ran over his brow, down his cheek, over his cupids bow, and rested at his chin.

"I would never leave you, if you only asked. I would give you my heart, my *soul,* if that is what you wanted." Hannibal whispered and Will was helpless to the melatonin pumping through his veins. He was helpless to sleep that finally washed up on his shores of consciousness. And those words, those words made Will realize something just before he was swept away in the undertows of sleep; that *he,* Will *did* want to say those words to Hannibal.

Because he *wanted.*

Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment of your thoughts be yes, your thoughts matter a lot to me. I love you guys and hope to update soon! I LOVE YOU!

I Will Survive

Chapter Summary

"Yes."

Chapter Notes

This video helped me severely to write this chapter. Lol jk, but it helped me write the beginning of the end, MWUAHAHAHAHAHA!!! ***VIDEO IS VERY NSFW! ----- I am actually Satan (Jk, whoever made that video is Satan.)***

Put dispenser here

Lol, but no um, thanks for all the support over this short af story and hope you guys stick to it as more chapters are added.

I personally don't have an exact amount of chapters set as a goal, but it won't be too long or nothing. The greatest amount of chapters being 10 tops, but yeah. ily and enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal left the room after a little while of just watching the omega sleep. Will was almost peaceful when he slept. Minus the smell of slick and sweat thickening in the room. As soon as Hannibal realized that he was becoming more aroused and figured he should leave before he did anything he regretted.

Winston was sitting in the hallway, but came running in as soon as Hannibal's foot stepped over the threshold of Will's room. He smirked coldly at the dog's tail as it went in and sat at the foot of the bed. He felt jealousy burn into his chest as he forced himself to walk away and down into the kitchen. Now he didn't know what to do. He wasn't hungry in the least, in fact he was quite the opposite. The only thing he wanted to do was to go back down the hall, rip the sheets off of Will, and breed him into the mattress until he was sure to be pregnant. But those were the thoughts of a crazy person. Of an alpha gone feral, and Hannibal was anything but feral.

He suppressed a growl before taking a seat on the couch. The guest room was just upstairs, but he didn't want to be farther away from Will than necessary. His deep amber eyes flickered down to the dogs who were all asleep in their beds on the floor. One of them, the one that had been hurt by a raccoon—as Will put it—came limping over to him rested it's head on his lap.

“And what could you possibly desire?” He asked it like he would a patient. The dog merely lifted its head and jumped up onto the couch with him, much to his distaste.

“I’m not fond of, pets. If you would just get down now-“ He started to say, but the dog had already began curling up on his lap. He sighed, but allowed a hand to rest on the canine’s head. He pet the animal softly for a while before he started feeling the downsides of his excitement.

"I should probably call Alana." He thought aloud, making the dog’s ear twitch back at him. Hannibal pulled his phone from his pocket and dialed her forsaken number and waited for her to answer. When she answered there was some scuffing sounds and another female voice. A smile of knowing spread over the alpha's face as he understood what was happening on the other side of the line.

"Hannibal!" She seemingly shouted into the line making the alpha wince and yank his phone from his ear.

"Eh, hello Alana." He said into the mouthpiece.

"I'm so sorry, um I don't think we will be able to talk tonight. I-I mean in person anyways. Um, Margot came over and uh, well, yeah. But I can talk now." She said, breathless with a hint of humiliation in her voice.

" *Stop* -" Alana hissed on the other side making Hannibal stifle a chuckle.

"Oh no, I was actually just calling to let you know that I was going to be staying here at Will's for the night. Or, perhaps even the week now. Given the circumstances..." He spoke in a controlled, even voice.

"Hah! Hannibal, did he-did you ask him then?" Alana asked with a voice now full of excitement.

Hannibal had been planning to meet with Alana tonight so that they could discuss things about Will. Seeing as Alana knew the omega better than anyone else. She was the one that Will fell back on when shit hit the fan for him a few years ago. With his previous lover. A lover that was now gone. Hannibal didn't want to know about them though, not really anyways. Because he could feel the envy arising with the thought that someone else had been in a relationship with the omega before him. That someone could have touched Will in the ways *he* desired, before him.

"No. But I have a feeling that by tomorrow, he will be asking me." Hannibal said in a quieter voice now that he felt a pang of hurt seep into his heart.

There was silence on the other end, a small intake of breath that signaled that Alana was going to speak, but Hannibal beat her to it.

"Alana, he asked me not to mate with him. He asked me to fight myself, and... while I know I can, I don't *want* to. I'm struggling with just going in there and fucking him while he sleeps." The alpha growled possessively while running a hand through his hair.

"Hannibal, that would not *be a good thing to do. You know how Will is. Sex to him is, a very* heavy *subject. When it comes to alphas anyways."*

The alpha sighed heavily, knowing that she was right. He couldn't just go in there and take advantage of the omega. He had to wait for Will to ask him for it. Hannibal needed for Will to give him as much of a conscious answer as possible. He needed Will to know what he was asking for so that he couldn't hate the alpha afterwards. But Hannibal had a feeling that even if the omega did ask for it, Will would still hate him to an extent on the inside. Will would probably hate himself for asking.

"Well, I should let you get back to your own…." Hannibal carried off suggestively.

"Oh, no it's perfectly fine, Hannibal. I-I can talk if you need to. You know that I'm here for you, any time or moment." Alana breathed, clearly struggling.

"Oh no, you do sound, quite busy. I wouldn't want Margot to get angry at me for keeping you any longer than necessary." The alpha smirked when he heard muffled voices on the other line.

"U-Um, okay. Well, I'll talk to you later, Hannibal. Goodby-"

Hannibal shook his head as he pulled his phone away from his ear. He knew very well who cut the end of the conversation off. He was happy that Margot and Alana were going steady now. It had seemed as though the two would only ever be late night *"booty"* calls. However, now they seemed to have set some ground rules. It did shock Hannibal a little bit that Alana would settle for a beta, since he knew of her prefered *type.* She had made the mistake of hitting on him before, to which he softly rebuffed her attractions. Hannibal didn't mean to embarrass her, but he knew that he didn't want and surely didn't desire her body.

The person he desired was someone he'd come to know over the past few months, was someone he trusted, and hopefully they trusted him. Hannibal knew deep in his heart that he belonged to Will, but Will did not yet belong to him. He hoped, deeply that someday Will would allow himself to be his because Hannibal needed for him to be his.

Images of Will below him panting and moaning with open lips as air was punched out of his chest fluttered across his mind. The alpha shook his head and grimaced to himself.

'Damn it. I should not be thinking of William in ways such as that.' Hannibal thought to himself while looking back down at the dog on his lap. He pet its head once more, chasing the images of Will from his head with some struggle.

He hoped that tomorrow Will would be okay. As much as he'd love to go in the room and take the omega then and there, he looked out for Will's well being before his own. A soft sigh from down the hall reached his heightened ears making him find a calm that he hadn't been sure would come till exhaustion got to him first.

'I should be trying to sleep too now. I don't know what time he will be waking come the morning. Best to catch as much rest as possible.' Hannibal thought while letting his head fall

back on the couch cushion, the scent of Will exploding into his nasal cavities as his head impacted with the fabric.

* * *

Heat.. Blood… Spice.. *Burning* .

Lungs burned, vocal cords clipped out broken words, teeth screamed to bite. A body twisted and turned in sheets, arms and legs tangled in cotton shackles, sweat and slick made up an ocean of charred need.

Need.

The softness of the ravenstag's muzzle touched damp cheeks, a voice called through the depths of a restless sleep. *Wake up, please wake up,* it called. Again, the burning feeling.

Will's eyes popped open and fixed immediately on a particle floating through the air. His lungs burned from lack of oxygen reaching them. Realizing that he needed to breathe, his mouth fell open, unlocking his throat, allowing air to come flushing inwards as though some force within him was vacuuming it up. When his lungs were full to the point of exploding, he let it out in a weak wail.

He hadn't even realized that what he had thought was the ravenstag's muzzle, had actually been Hannibal's hands caressing his face. They were soft, skilled, and just short of rough from a lifetime's work of being a surgeon transformed into a culinary artist.

"William, wake up. Please... Wake up. There you are.." He cooed.

Will's eyes sharpened and zoned in on Hannibal's face. His blue eyes were wide as they searched the alpha's face for something, anything.

"—t 'urns." He barely got out.

"What was that, Will?" Hannibal asked, his breath smelling of real mint leaves.

'Damn rich people.' Will thought, becoming irritated. His body was damp with sweat and slick—not something he wanted to think about—and here the alpha was telling him to wake up.

"I'm sorry?" Hannibal asked, a hint of confusion on his minty breath.

"I s'd," Will paused to clear his throat. "I said, *it burns.* "

"No, you said… Nevermind. Are you thirsty?" Hannibal asked as calmly as he could but Will could tell that he was struggling with controlling his breathing.

Will knew that he was taking small breaths to help keep his alpha instincts in check. *More than you know* is what he wanted to say, but he scolded himself for thinking like that because it was totally unwarranted. He decided it would be best to stop thinking about anything

related to his bodily functions for the meantime considering Hannibal just made it seem as though he was suggesting *other* activities.

“Very.” Will muttered, looking up at Hannibal through his thick lashes.

Will was fully aware of what he was doing, but he didn’t stop it. He didn’t want to stop it.

‘Very bipolar of you Will, I’m such a damn hypocrite.’ Will thought to himself when Hannibal’s eyes darkened to a deep oak brown.

Hannibal nodded and turned to leave, taking Will’s hamper in his hand and picking it up off the floor like it weighed the same as a feather. The burning in Will’s stomach intensified as the alpha walked out of the room and headed down the hall and a small growl left his lips. The burning was quick to turn into sharp cramping, his heart rate rose above normal, his body working into overdrive. Making him sweat like crazy. It was very unpleasant.

It was beginning to feel like the real thing now. He could feel the heat that made him cry and whine like a little bitch sneaking up on him, minute by minute. Will felt like he was a piece of paper that was far enough away from a flame, so it didn’t set on fire, but instead turned black as the heat touched its surface. Forever burning while in the path of his heat, but never reaching any form of end. He felt the urge to cry out to Hannibal. His damned heat had forced him to touch the alpha yesterday and just the memory of it made Will’s eyes sting in humiliation. He didn’t want to be another common omega—not that he was—and he didn’t want to be overruled by his own body.

Will knew he couldn't change himself, and he knew that he would suffer like this until he found someone to care for him again. But, after *her*... He couldn't take the heartache all over again.

She had taken everything out of him in both his mental and physical states. He could hardly focus on relationships anymore, let alone Alana. Plus that was never going to happen seeing how she thought they were both bad for each other. Yet her and Jack were both in on him getting it on with Hannibal. His fucking *psychiatrist*. Were they crazy? Albeit it was a dramatic change from Molly—his childhood sweetheart—but he couldn’t.

‘Actually, you could. But you’re too scared you’ll catch feelings.’ Will’s mind teased, making him frown. A small bead of sweat gathered at his temple before running down his face.

Just then Hannibal came back into the room, a pitcher of water in one hand and a glass in the other. He made brief eye contact with the alpha but cast his eyes down when he saw the look in them. It was a look of waiting. A look that told Will that Hannibal was waiting for him to shatter like some damned teacup. The older man quickly poured a glass, and them reached to help Will sit up.

As soon as one of Hannibal’s fingers brushed the omega’s skin, Will jerked away as though he’d been burnt by a hot stove. Although it should have been Hannibal who jerked his hand away because Will was burning up. His cheeks he now noticed were pink and the sweat was hard to avoid.

“I can do it myself. How do you think I’ve survived this long?” Will tried for witty, but it just came out silver tongued and rude.

“M’sorry, I didn’t mean to be rude, I-” He stopped himself as he sat up and by that point it was worth nothing to finish what he was saying. He’d forgotten by then anyways.

“It’s fine. You’re not completely yourself right now. It’s okay if you’re a little irritated.” Hannibal said quietly, brushing the dirt under the rug. Will wondered how long it would be until someone lifted it and found the mess.

“Here.”

The room was warm. Too warm. The omega could feel his heat scorching its way out of his body. It was beginning to burn quicker with each passing second, which wasn’t good at all.

Will opened his mouth when the glass was lifted to his lips, drinking down the whole thing and then nodding when the alpha asked if he wanted more. After two glasses of water and a fourth of the third, Will was burning up under all the covers. He was sure he could set them on fire with just the temperature of his skin if he tried hard enough. Instead he swallowed around the large lump of nervousness in his throat and figured he could at least ask Hannibal to help him get the damn covers off.

“Hannibal, do, do you think you could help me get out from under the covers?” He asked, a small twinge of a blush lighting his cheeks.

What was worse was that Hannibal didn’t even question it, he just nodded again and did it. Will wasn’t sure he could even survive it, not when the older man pulled the blankets off of him and had to close his eyes and pause. His eyes opened again but there was a veil over them too now. His face remained a hundred percent neutral as he helped Will get on top of the covers, ignoring the slick that had soaked into the mattress. The alpha wondered how Will even got the stench of it out of it after his heats.

After that was taken care of, Hannibal brought Will some breakfast in bed which he fed to the omega. More like Will tried to feed himself, then just gave up and let Hannibal feed him because he was already winded.

It was maple and brown sugar oatmeal, not the cheap bagged stuff of *course* . When he was done, he had to go to the bathroom which was really not something he wanted to dwell on because having Hannibal stand outside the door was one thing, but having to have him help him get his boxers up was another. Afterwards, they both returned to the room and just sat in silence until Hannibal found a pad of paper and an already sharpened pencil lying between the bed frame and the little dresser Will used as a side table. He began sketching someone onto the paper easily. Content with just being near Will. Only the scratching sounds and Will’s increasing breathing filled the room.

“Tell, tell me about art, Hannibal.” Will beckoned to break the silence. He didn’t enjoy that he could hear his heart and lungs in his ears like they were on the outside of his body instead of the inside.

Hannibal looked up from his sketch with a look of wonder at the question.

“Well, there are many aspects to art. How do you mean?” He smiled warmly when Will gave a small eyeroll.

“What does it mean to you? Why do you do it?” Will finally spoke after gathering his thoughts which was usually almost impossible for him this far into his heat.

“Art to me is…” Hannibal paused, looking down at the current picture he was working on. It already looked a lot like Will, but the omega let himself believe that it wasn’t.

“It is like an artery, Will. The vessels are an artist’s thoughts, which carry the images we see in our minds to our fingertips. Always flowing and never really stopping. Sometimes the pictures can become blurry with different emotions and feelings. Such as anxiety, pain, sorrow, and even anger.

“Or sometimes, we are just too judgemental with ourselves, to see that we are actually *helping* ourselves, by making other people happy. It is up to the artist whether or not they fight through their pride and blockades and keep trying because when the artery is cut and starts to bleed, that is when the artist knows exactly what to put onto a canvas. It is when we know how we want others to see and feel about the piece.” The alpha stopped again, taking a deep breath before going on.

“Stopping the blood flow is always the hardest part, Will. Because we have nothing but images and thoughts forcing themselves out to be seen, heard, and felt. To finish an art piece is as hard as stopping an amputated leg from bleeding out. It is the death to the painting.

“In the end, it is our choice to embrace what we think is garbage and create it for the pleasure of others, regardless of how we feel about ourselves. Because seeing the viewer and the way they see our work.. That is what an artist lives for.”

Will was stunned into silence, so it was laughable when his first words were, “so you just cut open your neck, bleed all over a canvas, and people will love it, but so will you. Huh.”

That got one of those smirks that only Hannibal could make.

“That is one way to see it, yes. But there is always two sides to every story, even if one does not want to see both.” The words were sharp and quick but not big enough to cut Will down.

“Like what?” Will challenged, but he had a feeling it had something to do with himself and the fact that he was literally burning from the inside out.

“Hmm, well, there's the fact that you are on the husk of being in full blown heat, for starters. And then there's the other fact that you won’t let me *help* you, William.”

There. The bomb had been dropped. And if those words didn’t blow Will’s heat into high waters he didn’t know what did. His stomach immediately locked up and he felt like he was about to throw up all the water and oatmeal he’d just consumed.

“W-What? Hannibal, we-we talked about this already. We can’t-ah!”

Will cried out as a particular muscle tightened to the point of feeling like he'd been stabbed. He felt a bitter laugh work its way out of his throat when he realized that his body was working against him. Hannibal frowned at the sound and finally decided to hand Will a few pieces of his mind.

"Will, please, this is not healthy. For *anyone* in your position. This must be why you are always so tired and getting headaches..." Hannibal trailed off, his eyebrows drawing together in concern as Will curled in on himself.

"No, it's because I deal with this shit three times a year." Will growled in reply. The look in his eyes when he looked up at Hannibal was malevolent from pain.

"William-"

Will cut him off before he could even say anything. "No, we-we already talked about this."

Hannibal forced his nature into submission, because he could feel it growling back at Will in his head, but if there was anyone that needed to be growled at, it was himself. He tried again, going for something more reasonable.

"Will, you can't just let yourself sit here in pain for the whole week. I wont't sit here and do nothing while you suffer."

"Then you can leave."

"I am *not* leaving you here by yourself-"

"I'm not about to just *ask* you to do something such as fucking me just because I'm in a little pain!"

"There is nothing wrong with asking for help!" The alpha raised his voice above Will's own, making the omega's eyes open wide as though he'd been slapped.

It sure felt like he had been. His heat even seemed to revert back to a simmer rather than the hot boil at the alpha's words. It was enough to jog reason into his brain.

'Think about this, Will. Yes he's an alpha. But he's also smart, kind, strong, and willing to take care of you. He already has.' His mind supplied sharply.

Hannibal was incredibly careful when he took Will's face into his large hands. Since when had his hands been that big anyways? Will was drawn out of his thoughts when the alpha spoke quietly, patiently.

"Will, please. Let me take *care* of you. I want you to get through this as much as you do. But *not* alone."

Will's eyes stung again, this time from Hannibal's words than humiliation. He blinked his eyes when they became blurry and felt rough thumbs wipe away the tears that were forced out. He knew that he was beat even before Hannibal dropped the bomb on him. He knew that he would have begged for it eventually, but he had a choice. And Hannibal was giving him

that choice. It was up to him no matter what, but Hannibal was asking now because he knew Will was still in his right mind.

Wet blue eyes locked on dark oak ones, and for a moment, it felt like they understood each other completely. But then it was gone when Will blinked again.

“May I.. kiss you, William?” Hannibal asked in a hushed voice, one that had dropped at least two octaves.

There was a silent question in the one Hannibal asked.

‘Are you okay with this? You don't have to say yes.... Please, William.’

“Yes.”

Chapter End Notes

So.

Whaddya think? :D

Yes the smut is next XD sorry to leave it there folks but the chapter was never ending :P had to end somewhere. It was like the part with the artery, this chapter was.

If you say mistakes let me know!! Comment if you liked this chapter!! And kudos if you want to I guess...

Live and Thrive

Chapter Summary

His voice had been so soft that Hannibal wasn't sure he'd heard anything. But then he'd simply said, "of course, Will," then he collected his belongings and walked out of the room with a feeling of leaving part of his heart on the hearth.

Chapter Notes

Just wanna warn that I haven't written good smut start to finish in MONTHS and that this probably isn't THAT GREAT but hey it's story.

ALSO that IM SO SORRY THIS TOOK SO FUCKING LONG!!! But here it is in all its glory.

Prepare for shitty smut and how I dodged around it a little but mainly prepare for the hurt in this chapter. Because it hurts.

Please point out any huge mistakes you see but otherwise please enjoy the new installment to this fic. More is to come.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will found himself nodding mutely after he'd finally breathed that one word that could either aide him, or break him. It was hardly enough to bounce the curls on his head, but Hannibal still saw it and it was that small, quiet "yes" that had him relaxing.

The breaths they simultaneously let go were so very different from one another; Will's—sharp and fast, Hannibal's—a contented sigh. The alpha's thumbs rubbed gentle little circles on his cheeks while he leaned in for the kiss that he'd been secretly pining for after all these months.

When Hannibal kissed him, it was soft and gentle, something he hadn't had in a long time, not since Molly. It was completely different compared to all his past partners which wasn't very many, given his awkward, shy nature. And every beta Will had been with was only ever in it for the sex, so why would it be like this?

'Why did I expect anything different? This is Hannibal, Will.' He thought to himself while those lips pressed against his unresponsive ones. He was just starting to relax when Hannibal pulled back.

The omega's eyes flickered upwards to meet those of the alpha's and he felt his heart rate spike. However it wasn't in anxiousness. Whatever anxiety Will had about the whole ordeal, seemingly vanished when their eyes met. There was something in those eyes that radiated deep intensity that had Will's legs trembling in a sudden surge of heat. Hannibal met him halfway when he suddenly tugged him down into a kiss full of fire. Unable to stop himself, Will pushed his tongue into the older man's mouth, tasting fresh mint toothpaste.

'Probably Theodent, knowing Hannibal.' Will thought as he caressed the alpha's sharp canines with the tip of his tongue like they were a knives. A deep groan got muffled into Will's mouth at the action. It was a sound unlike any the omega had heard the alpha make.

Hannibal's right hand slid down the side of his face and to the side of his neck as the kiss deepened, stopping all returning thoughts of anxiety running through the omega's head as his hand slipped over the sensitive mating gland with feather light touches. It caused Will to exhale all at once into the kiss, which he would have been embarrassed about had he been thinking straight and not about to cream his pants. Very quickly everything was turning into nothing at all except heat and it was beginning to consume the both of them.

Will could tell that Hannibal was trying to draw it out, but his navel was burning so badly now that he didn't know if he'd survive if they went at this pace, especially with the alpha's fingertips still brushing at the glands in his neck. He gave a little growl and sucked on the alpha's lower lip, hearing a throaty sound resonate from his chest in return.

"*Hannibal*, I don't have the patience right now to take things slow. I need it *right now*." He growled while pulling the alpha from his place at the side of the bed so that he was forced to hover over him, bent over like a whore in the street. It made flames lick up the inside of Will's thighs at the thought. He wondered suddenly if Hannibal would ever let him top him. The thought was immediately pushed aside because this was *surely* a one time thing.

Will could make out faint surprise on Hannibal's face at his attitude but then a small signature smirk quirked his mouth and he knew that the alpha liked it.

"As you wish, *William*." The words slid off of his tongue, like blood drooling down one's chin from a broken tooth.

Will's eyes widened when the alpha pressed his face into the crook of his neck and started licking and biting the thin skin of his mating gland. The omega's body jerked like it had been electrified from the sensitivity of that spot. He was helpless to the cutoff gasp that burst from him as strong—almost painful—pleasure scoured through him. Hannibal's tongue lathed over the reddening skin to soothe the sharp sting before kissing all the way up to his jaw and over his ear.

The simple brush of his lips on the crest of Will's ear made the omega's breath catch in his throat in anticipation. Hannibal felt an air of smugness burn into his bones, happy that he'd been able to emit such reactions from his omega already. However a small frown glimpsed his features at the thought that he'd just considered Will as *his* omega. Will wasn't his, nor anyone elses to claim as theirs. The idea that Will could be someday claimed by someone else and vice versa made his blood boil for a solid two seconds before he remembered what he was supposed to be doing.

No one else would get to fuck Will like he was going to, no other alpha would get to fill him for the first time with their knot like he was going to. Will was a virgin in the eyes of an alpha. The thought was only strengthened by the way he shook as Hannibal bit softly at the shell of his ear. The alpha licked the red skin before kissing back down the omega's jaw till he reached his beautiful lips.

The kiss he gave the omega was deep, heated, and animalistic. Will, in slight shock at the seemingly changed demeanor of Hannibal, started to reciprocate. His shaking hands tentatively reached up and buried themselves into Hannibal's wheat grey hair, pulling him in tighter. He opened his lips and pushed his tongue into the alpha's mouth, feeling the erotic way their tongues pushed against one another. His body was so hot. So unbelievably warm with sweat and slick and the clothes he was wearing stuck to him like they were covered in glue. They needed to be gone and soon, or he'd lose his mind.

Will pushed away, grabbing the alpha by the shoulders, gasping for breath while Hannibal's eyes darkened to an almost red colour. As though he was finally giving in wholeheartedly, he let his knees pull up towards himself and fall open around the alpha's hips, inviting him. He hadn't even noticed the man climbing onto the bed with him.

Hannibal took the incentive and pressed forward, rubbing himself against Will's already hard cock through their clothes. A broken groan escaped his lips against his better wishes, but the reaction it tore from Hannibal was just short of primal. The older man growled deep in his chest and rutted against him, forcing Will to feel the hard, hot length of his dick and what he was willing to offer him. His hands gave a little from where they were planted on the blonde's shoulders, allowing the alpha to gaze directly into his eyes.

It was too much, his stare was too intense. It especially didn't help with the way that he was rolling their hips together continuously. Will turned his head into the pillow as Hannibal's stare became overwhelming, realizing a second too short that it was actually his alpha hormones that were making it all unbearable. He gasped when the alpha pushed back against his hands, till he could once again lick and kiss at his throat, right over his glands. The feeling of teeth worrying the spot tore a small choked out shout. It felt much stronger than before.

"Hannibal." Will plead, silently begging for him to stop his teasing. He went as far as running his lips up the alphas jaw and back to the alpha's own mating glands where he tongued the soft skin. The older man shuddered heavily in response, a low moan humming against Will's sweaty skin while his body almost gave out above him.

Will pulled back and gave mercy on the man, who seemed to finally understand the importance of his situation as he nodded against his throat and began to kiss downwards. He stopped when he reached the collar of the v-neck Will was wearing. He looked up at the omega and heard him groan when their eyes met. Hannibal slowly pressed a chaste, but passionate kiss to the dip of his clavicles, savoring the taste against his lips when he rewet them. He felt, for the brief moment of contact that it was, the strong beat of Will's heart against his lips. It beat like a drum in his ears as they attacked one other, ripping and tearing at each other, both eager to see who could get the other undressed the fastest.

In the end it was Hannibal who was left with one article of clothing on, a half torn undershirt that he'd worn under his sweater. But it was forgotten as their hands and mouths ravaged at each other's bare skin. Will growled and whined as he fought against the man above him, until the alpha finally relented and rolled onto his back for his needy omega. Yet again he had thought of Will as his, but he found that he didn't care about it this time, because Will was his in this moment. And he was Will's as the omega tore at the remains of his white shirt until it came free in a long ripped strip of cloth. It was tossed away in the room as they fell into one another, fueling the fire until they combust.

Their foreplay was merely a blur up until the moment where Will was practically riding Hannibal's fingers. After Will had sucked Hannibal off—much to his own pleasure—the alpha had motioned for him to come upwards towards his face, making him kneel above his chest. Will had gone red in the face at first since the position forced his cock to hang right in the alpha's face, but found he didn't care after Hannibal took him into his mouth. Will found himself leaning forward to brace his hands against the headboard of the bed at the feeling of that hot mouth wrapped around his cock. He couldn't stop himself from thinking of full smirking lips and how he was about to come because of them. It was short lived as Hannibal pulled off. The younger man gave a betrayed whine that was cut short when Hannibal rolled them so Will was once again comfortably on his back.

Normally, Will would have been angered by the degrading position, but when the alpha began to insert his fingers inside him, he forgot about what he would have done and instead focused on pushing back on the long digits. They curled deep inside his wet body while the alpha took him down his throat once more, sucking and pulling all rational thoughts out of his mind.

"Hannibal, I'm gonna come, I'm gonna—oh, fuck…" Will breathed out and back in sharply as his legs clamped around the man between his thighs. The combination of Hannibal's fingers rubbing deep inside of him with his lips wrapped around his cock had Will coming right down the alpha's throat.

His chest heaved with the moans that ricocheted around the room. Slick ran down the backs of his thighs and over Hannibal's hand where it was buried between his thighs while he filled the alpha's mouth. Small, weak sounds escaped his wet lips as his fingers wound themselves into soft-as-silk wheat blonde hair.

Hannibal's tongue rubbed soothingly over his softening cock as he pulled off of it. The sound of him swallowing made Will want to bury himself alive because *holy fuck* that was hot and super rare for an alpha to do. There were still fingers inside of him and he was becoming more aware of them the more he came down from his high. They rubbed inside him once more before stilling and pulling out dangerously slow.

Will felt a blush heat his already rosy cheeks when he felt heat stir inside him again. Of course the peace wouldn't last for very long. His body needed something else, it needed the thing that only the alpha in front of him could give him. Already he could feel the cramps coming back, they were in his lower back, building themselves around to his abdominal muscles. It was already starting to hurt again. The pain momentarily stopped when Hannibal lifted his fingers to his mouth and cleaned them like he was tasting a particularly good pasta

sauce—of course he'd never use his plain fingers but rather a spoon. And to Will's horror, it made a fresh gush of slick coat the sheets below them. Hannibal caught sight of it and he smirked evilly around his fingers with a glint in his eyes.

'Oh god now wha-' Will choked on a cry when those same hands pushed the backs of his knees up, baring his ass for Hannibal to stare at.

The omega threw his hands over his face, too embarrassed to even look at the man between his legs. Of course Hannibal would study him like a science project before finally deciding he was ready to fuck.

'God what was I thinking?' Will felt a burn behind his eyelids and grimaced in annoyance. He was completely thrown off balance however, when he felt warm breath against his entrance and nearly shrieked when Hannibal pressed his tongue against him.

"Ah-! W-What are you-!?" Will gasped, attempting to lean up on his elbows and failing since he was nearly bent in half.

Hannibal pulled away just enough to ask, "have you never been pleasured like this, Will?" before he dove back in.

"N-no, I've never, never let anyone do *that*—it's gross." Will managed between breaths but even if he did think it was a little gross he couldn't be too disturbed since it felt amazing. He also couldn't hide the fact from himself that he never allowed this because it was too intimate.

He could feel the muscle of Hannibal's tongue contort inside him from soft to rigid. It felt so, strange and new yet it was driving him crazy. But as soon as Hannibal pulled away again, he let out an angry whimper, just wanting to push a hand into the alpha's hair and shove him back down.

"If I understand you're heat correctly, then all the lubricant your body creates during you're pre-heat should clean out your system for this purpose. That and the act of sexual intercourse itself." Hannibal said with a slight tilt of the head, failing to see how there was anything wrong or unsanitary with what he was doing, since *clearly* Will's body already rid itself of excrement.

"That's beside the point. I-It's still from the same place as... as..." He trailed off feeling more awkward and slightly turned off.

"You seem to be enjoying it just the same." The alpha stated before leaning down and kissing Will's reddened rim.

"Shut up." Will muttered, looking down in time to meet narrowed deep almond red eyes.

Somewhere in his mind Will knew it wouldn't be long till he finally got under Hannibal's skin with his rudeness. He stuttered with a small ounce of fear when the man let go of his legs and crawled back over top of him, "H-Hannibal—"

“Shhhh…. It’s alright, Will. You’re alright.” The alpha shushed him, knowing that his body was already becoming needy once more. His hormones were making him dizzy with his need to be fucked and filled.

Work rough hands cupped Will’s cheeks, thumbs rubbing softly while warm lips pressed to his sweat damp forehead. It tickled when they moved against his skin to whisper, “I’ve got you.”

Will’s eyes stung with a sudden burst of emotion and he found himself growling out, “then get inside me and prove it.”

The alpha chuckled deep in his chest before reaching down to line himself up.

“I intend to.”

* * *

The next few days were spent locked up in Will’s bedroom. Hannibal only left to make food and bring it back to feed the omega and himself, but otherwise they slept in between their brief periods of respite. They fucked repeatedly throughout the remainder of the week, forming a pattern; sleep, fuck, eat, fuck, sleep. Will was quiet a most of the time, but he got vocal whenever the waves came and Hannibal would kiss and bite him into a wanton mess.

They both made sure to stay away from each other’s throats during the heights of their sexscapades, not wanting to accidentally claim one another. But during the buildups to each session, Will found himself presenting his neck to the alpha, whether he was aware of it or not was irrelevant to the way the thick cock slid in and out of him. He’d broke down and cried when he’d first taken Hannibal’s knot, so unused to anything that large being in there. He’d been a virgin to a knot until that day. Now, he couldn’t find it within himself to be repulsed. He also couldn’t lie that seeing Hannibal come was one of the most exotic things he’d witnessed. The man hardly showed any overwhelming sense of emotion, so to see his face contort in a pleasured growl, smooth out with a moan, hair in his face—it was the hottest thing Will had ever seen.

For a moment, Will forgot that they were just friends. Could he even call them that anymore? No. Probably not. Now they were fuck buddies. No, that wasn’t right either. This was never gonna happen again. It was just a one time thing. Just this once and then never again.

Too soon the days began to piece themselves back together and the waves between sessions lessened and Will began to feel a sense of dread looming in the air between them. But maybe it was just him. He couldn’t tell. Hannibal had his mask on and acted in the same caring way he had during his heat as though it wasn’t coming to an end at all. Like he didn’t want it too. Almost as if this was their thing that they did. Except it wasn’t. Isn’t. Although present time would say that yes it was their thing

”You smell so good.” Hannibal murmured into Will’s soft curls, pulling back to look at the omega

”I, I highly doubt that—hn!”

Hannibal thrusted into him slowly, almost seeming to savor the feeling of being inside Will, his eyes were locked on the omega's closed lids. He was silently pleading for Will to open his ocean blues and look at him. But he knew the omega wouldn't. They were too close to the end of his heat for him to meet his eyes anymore. So instead Hannibal settled for the way that Will's dark eyelashes rested against the tops of his cheekbones, the way his red wet lips hung open with his small, quiet pants. The occasional hitch in his breath made Hannibal speed up for a few thrusts before slowing again. He wanted to treasure this.

The alpha wanted to memorize every sound and expression that the omega made. Because for some reason this time, this particular session felt like the last. Not that he wanted that. No, deep down Hannibal wanted to hold the man down with his teeth and breed him senseless. Until Will was nothing but a mess of his name on his lips. But he wouldn't do that. Not if Will didn't want it.

He'd never force an omega into matehood. That was something he stood firmly against. He'd had plenty of patients who had confided in him about similar problems. It was enough to disgust him with his own sex. He'd often find himself looking at mated pairs and wonder if they were forced or not. Many omegas learned to hide the fact they were unhappy, just like he hid his true self from most people. Most people but Will. Hannibal had never met someone as intelligent as the omega beneath him. Someone who managed to find a way to climb over the walls he'd built. Someone who he found worthy—felt safe—enough to share his true self with. Somewhere along the line he'd started to be more open with the omega.

'I let you know me. See me. Why won't you let me do the same? Why won't you trust me as I do you? Are you afraid?' Hannibal thought to himself while he leaned down and kissed along the length of Will's neck.

His knot was beginning to swell and with it Will's pants turned to moans and gasps as it caught on his rim. Hannibal himself was growling with the pressure of Will's body on his cock. So tight. So hot inside. Never enough. Not enough. Hannibal wanted everything Will had to offer. He wanted to take it. Somehow he'd find a way for the omega to trust him completely. To trust him like this.

"Han... Hannibal." Will breathed before his face softened with his orgasm. He looked like an angel.

An ethereal being sent by God just to tease him.

'Let me sculpt you with my hands. Let me mold you into something fierce and free. Let me in, Will.'

"*William*," Hannibal grunted, shoving his face into the crook of Will's neck as his knot was finally forced to stay inside the omega's body. The inner muscles in Will pumped him over and over, stopping for minutes at a time before contracting again and forcing another orgasm out of Hannibal. It was a beautiful torture, just like their circumstances. Will was his for this moment, but then he wouldn't be.

He'd be alone again after they cleaned up the mess he'd made of their relationship.

Again, he felt this was the last time he'd get to hold Will like he was then.

* * *

"You should go." Will said quietly after Hannibal had cleaned him and gotten him dressed and back in bed.

His voice had been so soft that Hannibal wasn't sure he'd heard anything. But then he'd simply said, "of course, Will," then he collected his belongings and walked out of the room with a feeling of leaving part of his heart on the hearth.

Chapter End Notes

How'd y'all like that cliffhanger? Need some tissues? Maybe some bandaides for that burn. No seriously Will, wtf? Hurting our baby Hannibal like that???? Crazy.

ANYWAYS!

We all agreed on mpreg. So that'll come soon enough.

Or will it >:D

Leave a comment if you feel like it and maybe a kudos. Or don't I guess. It'd sure be nice though. Love you fam. *kiss

End Notes

Kudos and comment your thoughts and be a fruit loop in a world of cheerios.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!